

THE VOICE IN THE AIR

Paul and Priscilla, the six-year-old twins, had been visiting their grandparents for a whole month. It was lots of fun visiting Grandpa and Grandma, but it was nice to get back home again. They were glad to see Father and Mother and their older brother, Richard, and the baby, Susan. They were glad to see their toys again. They were glad to roam around the house to see if anything had changed.

There was just one thing different that the twins could find. That was the new victrola. Aunt Edith had sent it to them, and with it a record. It wasn't a black record like the ones you buy. It was aluminum and when you played it you could hear Aunt Edith's own voice! One day she had gone to a place where records were made, and made one of the beautiful hymn, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Paul and Priscilla loved to hear it played.

"We must be very careful of it," said Mother. "Father or I will play the record for you any time you want to hear it. But you must not touch it, or try to play it by yourselves. I know you would try to be careful, but you might scratch it."

Late that afternoon after the twins had been around the neighborhood to tell all their playmates they were home, they came back to the house to find that Mother had taken the baby out, and no one was anywhere around.

"What shall we do?" asked Priscilla as she flopped into a chair.

"I don't know," said Paul. "I wish Mother were home. I'd like to hear Aunt Edith's record again."

"Look, Mother left it on the victrola," said Priscilla. "If we could only start it up!"

"Mother said not to touch it," Paul reminded her.

"I know," said Priscilla. "But we wouldn't have to touch the record. Just start up the machine and put the needle on the record. And besides, I don't think Mother would mind because she isn't here herself."

"I don't think we ought," said Paul rather uncertainly, because he, too, wanted to hear the record again.

Just then they heard someone come in to the house. "Mother!" called Paul. But it was Richard and he just said, "Hello," and walked upstairs.

Priscilla went back to the victrola. She looked at the record. Oh, how she wanted to hear it. "I think I will, just once. Don't you think it would be all right, Paul?"

But before Paul had a chance to answer, a strange thing happened. A voice said, "Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord!"

"What was that!" cried Priscilla.

Paul looked around. "It can't be the radio. We didn't turn it on. But it sounded something like the radio."

Priscilla looked out into the hall. Again came the voice, right out of the air, it seemed, "Children, obey your parents in all things." Then it stopped.

"Well, I know one thing," said Priscilla. "It came just in time. It would have been wrong for me to play the record, even if I didn't touch it."

"I know," said Paul, "but where did the voice come from?"

Let Conscience Speak

Remember from whence you have fallen. You were once full of zeal for the glory of your divine Deliverer, and the salvation of those for whom He died. You could then reprove sin, and weep over and expostulate with sinners. You could deny yourself almost your necessary sleep and food, in order to promote the interests of your Redeemer's kingdom.

Where is now your zeal for the Lord of Hosts? Can you deny yourself, sacrifice your ease, honor, reputation or wealth for His glory, as you once did? Remember! Compare your present state with your former one. Let Conscience speak, let facts speak, and honestly admit the truth; and if you are condemned, write yourself down—backslider in heart.

Too many Christians have far too light an estimate of heart unfaithfulness. I have sometimes heard them speak of five or ten years' half-heartedness as a very light thing, slurring it over, as it were, with a very thin and superficial sort of confession.

But our Lord does not so regard it. He looks upon it as a very serious matter, a very heinous sin, a most God-dishonoring experience. So much so, that He threatens the Ephesian backsliders that unless they repent, notwithstanding all their good works, He will come unto them in judgment and remove their candlestick out of its place.

—Mrs. Catherine Booth

PERFECT TRUSTING

I cannot understand
The why and wherefore of a thousand things;
The burdens, the annoyance, the daily stings,

I cannot understand;

But I can trust,

For perfect trusting, perfect comfort brings.

I cannot see the end,
The hidden meaning of each trial sent,
The pattern into which each tangled thread is bent,

I cannot see the end;

But I can trust,

And in God's changeless love I am content.

—Selected

"From upstairs!" Richard was standing in the doorway, grinning at them.

"Oh, did you hear it?" asked Priscilla. "But it sounded right here."

"I didn't hear it—I made it," said Richard.

"You what?" gasped Paul.

"While you were away the baby was sick, and Father got Mother a sort of radio, called a communicator. There is a little box called a station upstairs in the baby's room, and another in here. If the baby whimpered, Mother could hear him down here. As long as the radio was quiet, she knew the baby was all right. You can talk over it too. See, here is the station down here."

"Can you say anything you want to?" asked Priscilla.

"Sure," said Richard. "I thought you were forgetting that memory verse, so I reminded you. Come on upstairs, Paul, and you can talk to Priscilla down here. Then she can come up and talk to you."—Eleanor Lockwood in Light and Life.

Funeral services were conducted for Mrs. John Smith, Sr., at the Reformed Baptist Church at Port Maitland, N. S., on August 19th. Mrs. Smith was 73 years old and had been ill for a long time. Her husband predeceased her a number of years ago. They were both members of the R. B. Church at Port Maitland. Those surviving are five sons, Raymond, of Toronto; Edward, Bernard, John, Jr., and Frank, of Port Maitland; and two daughters, Mrs. G. R. Symonds, of Marysville, N. B., and Miss Hattie, of Waterville, N. S. May God bless those who mourn at this time.

H. S. Wilson

Mrs. Albert Shaw passed away at the Sandford Rest Home, Yarmouth, N. S., on August 29th, after a very long illness. She leaves to mourn besides her husband, two sons, Ivan and Willis, both of Yarmouth, N. S.; two daughters, Mrs. John Brittain, Digby, N. S., and Mrs. William Morgan, Hartland Mission Station, South Africa; her mother, Mrs. Alberta Landers, Sandford, N. S.; four sisters and five brothers, besides other relatives and friends. The funeral service was conducted from Sweeney's funeral parlour on August 31st by the writer, assisted by Rev. VanZoost, United Church, Yarmouth, N. S., and Rev. Mr. Churchill, Baptist, Digby, N. S. Interment was in Lake Darling Cemetery. May God comfort those who mourn.

H. S. Wilson

WEDDING

Miss Helen Ruby Horsman, of Moncton, N. B., and Mr. Edward Joseph Duffy, of Moncton, N. B., were united in marriage on August 17th, Rev. E. W. Tokley officiating.

BIRTH

Born—To Rev. and Mrs. Lyle Harvey, a son, Robert John, on August 28th.

QUARTERLY MEETING NOTICE

The Quarterly Meeting of District No. 3 will convene at Beals, Maine, Oct. 1-4.

Pastor, we are counting on you and a good delegation from your church.

J. A. Moses, Sec.

QUARTERLY MEETING NOTICE

The Quarterly Meeting of District No. 2 will be held in the St. John Church, Sept. 17-20.

Churches are requested to send delegates and reports.

Mrs. Kathleen Morehouse, Sec'y.

BE STRONG

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggles; face it, 'tis God's gift.

Be strong

Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely in God's Name.

Be strong

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long.
Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

Be strong

The King's Highway